Circus
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CIRCUS

You call roughly and an others briefly then grunt to a silent halt. You carefully creep to your side vainly straining your eyes. You have run out of petrol miles from anywhere. No petrol stations for miles around and it will soon be dark. Grimly you lock up your car and take the petrol can from the boot. After a brief survey of the surrounding terrain you set off in search of help, hoping to come across a small hamlet or village. Three miles further down the road your hopes of rescue are singularly lowered when you suddenly hear the faint sound of distant music coming from somewhere ahead. You step up your pace and head towards the sound. As you reach the crest of a shallow hill your eyes are greatly rewarded by an exhilarating sight.

About a mile away nestling on a huge grassy valley you see a huge Circus tent. Walking up the hill towards you come all the familiar sounds of Circus activity. Bells clanging, children's laughter, a brass band playing, lions roaring.

Eagerly you set off down the hill towards the strange spectacle and you approach the huge tent you puzzle about. Why there should be a Circus held in the middle of nowhere and begin to look around for someone to ask about obtaining petrol.

You reach the outer fence of the Circus grounds and open the gate. Suddenly all sound is cut off as if by the click of some gigantic knife. In a split second the whole scene is transformed from one of bustling activity to the silence of a graveyard. Bewildered by this unearthly transformation you trend fearfully forward the entrance of the now deserted Tent. Darkness is falling and this is going to be a long, long night...

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